

Our Gang

COMICS

10¢
No. 1



For the first time in Comics!

**OUR GANG • BARNEY BEAR • TOM & JERRY
PETE SMITH • JOHNNY MOLE • THREE KITTENS**



HELLO KIDZ !!!

THIS IS OUR FIRST MAGAZINE WE HOPE YOU'LL LIKE IT. WE'RE GOING TO TAKE TURNS BEING EDITOR. I'M FIRST AND FROGGY WILL BE EDITOR NEXT TIME.

WE'VE TRIED TO FIND PICTURE2 AND STORIES
THAT YOU'LL THINK ARE3 GOOD. HERE'S THE
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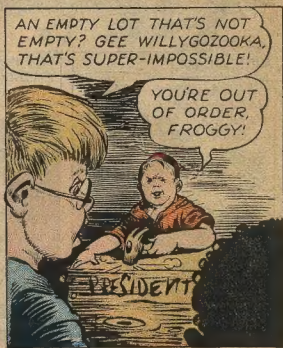
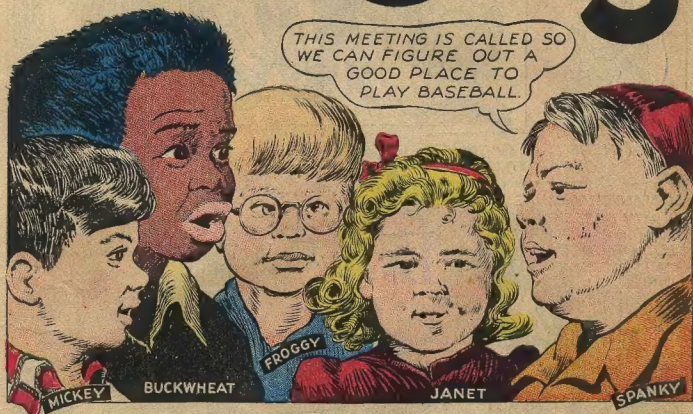
THE WHOLE GANG- JANET, FROGGY,
MICKEY- BUCKWHEAT AND I- ARE
HOPING YOU'LL HAVE FUN READING OUR
MAGAZINE -

WE'LL BE SEEING YOU IN THE
MOVIES.

SPANKY Mc FARLAND EDITOR



Our Gang



BUY DEFENSE SAVINGS BONDS and STAMPS

WHAT'DYA MEAN I'M
OUT OF ORDER? MICKEY'S
HEAD IS OUT OF ORDER!



IT'S THIS WAY, FROGGY—THE LOT
IS COVERED WITH OLD JUNK—
WE COULD CLEAR IT OFF
AND PLAY BALL THERE.

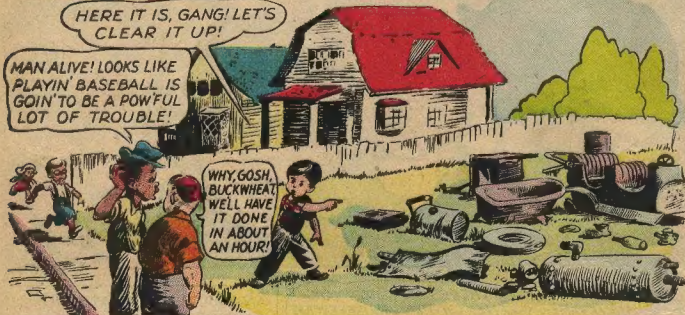


LET'S INVESTIGATE! THAT
TOUGH GASHOUSE GANG
WON'T LET US PLAY ON
THE FIELD DOWN BY THE
RIVER—SO WE'LL HAVE
TO MAKE OUR OWN
DIAMOND.



HERE IT IS, GANG! LET'S
CLEAR IT UP!

MAN ALIVE! LOOKS LIKE
PLAYIN' BASEBALL IS
GOIN' TO BE A POW'FUL
LOT OF TROUBLE!



WHY, GOSH,
BUCKWHEAT,
WE'LL HAVE
IT DONE
IN ABOUT
AN HOUR!

AND IN AN HOUR

WE'RE ALMOST FINISHED,
JANEY—LOOK OVER TH'
FENCE AN' SEE IF THERE'S
A GOOD PLACE TO DUMP
THESE ASHES.



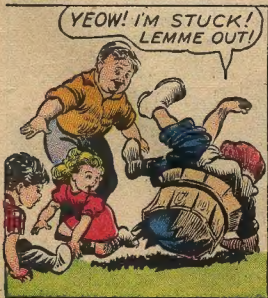
GEE WHIZ—ONE OF THE
GASHOUSE GANG IS
SPYIN' ON US!



RIGHT BY THAT
CRACK IS A
VERY GOOD
PLACE TO
DUMP THEM,
MICKEY!



OKAY!



LET'S GO, GANG—WE'VE GOT THE DIAMOND LAID OUT AND IT'S GETTING LATE. WE'LL BE BACK IN THE MORNING.

HEY, MICKEY, COME BACK! WE'RE GOIN' HOME!

SO—YOU WISE GUYS ARE MAKIN' A BALL FIELD, EH? OKAY, I'LL FIX THAT!



THAT NIGHT SHADY FIGURES WORK LONG AND HARD ON THE GANG'S NEW DIAMOND. THE NEXT MORNING MICKEY MAKES AN EARLY VISIT TO THE FIELD, TAKES ONE HORRIFIED LOOK AND RUNS HOME TO THE TELEPHONE.

HEY, SPANKY! THE DIAMOND'S COVERED WITH TWICE THE AMOUNT OF JUNK THAT WE TOOK OFF! LOOK'S LIKE THE GAS-HOUSE GANG'S WORK!

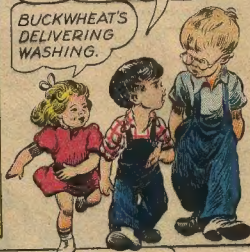


OH, YEAH? WELL, THAT'S SWELL—THAT'S GOOD! GET THE GANG AND MEET ME THERE IN HALF AN HOUR.



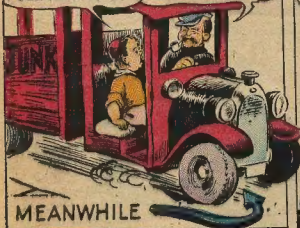
—AND WHEN I TOLD SPANKY HE SAID "THAT'S GOOD!" CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT?

BUCKWHEAT'S DELIVERING WASHING.



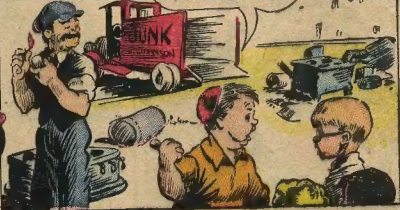
IF YOU DON'T MIND WAITING, WE CAN HAVE YOUR TRUCK FULL IN AN HOUR.

NAW! I SHOULD MIND GETTIN' A TRUCK LOAD IN ONLY AN HOUR!



MEANWHILE

MR. JOHNSON'S GOING TO BUY ALL THIS JUNK FROM US—I ASKED HIM IF IT WAS GOOD FOR METAL SCRAP FOR AMMUNITION FACTORIES AND HE SAYS "YES."



THE GASHOUSE GANG, EXPECTING A BIG REACTION TO THEIR PRACTICAL JOKE OF LITTERING UP THE DIAMOND, IS AMAZED TO SEE MR. JOHNSON PAY OVER GOOD MONEY FOR THE JUNK ON THE LOT.

WELL, KIDS, YOU HELPED THE WAR EFFORT TO THE TUNE OF A NEW TANK, I'M THINKING!

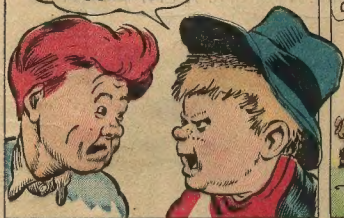
GEE, THANKS MR. JOHNSON!



WHY, THE NERVE! SELLIN' OUR JUNK!



YEAH—THEY GET PAID FOR OLD SCRAP METAL AND IT'S REALLY OURS—THAT'S ROBBERY!



COME ON! I KNOW WHERE THEIR HANGOUT IS—WE'LL FIND OUT WHERE THEY PUT TH' DOUGH—IT'S OUR MONEY BY RIGHT!

YEAH, AN' I'M GETTIN' MY CUT!

YEH!



ALL RIGHT, 166Y, CREEP UP UNDER THE WINDOW AN' LISTEN TO WHAT THEY'RE SAYIN'!



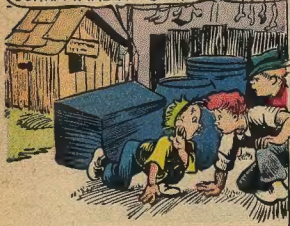
YEH!

WELL, GANG, THE GASHOUSES DID US A FAVOR THIS TIME. MOST OF THE SCRAP WE SOLD WAS JUNK THEY LEFT ON OUR FIELD—NOW, WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THE TEN DOLLARS?

LET'S GIVE IT TO THE RED CROSS!



THEY'RE GONNA GIVE IT TO SOME GUY NAMED RED KRAUSE, I THINK—FROGGY'S GONNA TAKE IT TO HIM!



RED KRAUSE! WHO'S RED KRAUSE? WE'LL GET FROGGY WHEN HE'S CARRYIN' THE MONEY!

YEAH, THOSE CROOKS! GIVIN' AWAY OUR GOOD CASH!



MEANWHILE BUCKWHEAT DELIVERS LAUNDRY DONE BY HIS MOTHER.

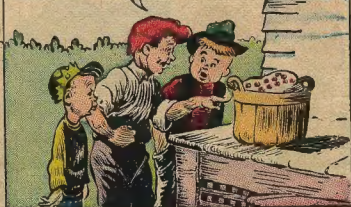
MAN ALIVE! I SPILLED MRS. FEENEY'S WASHIN'! THAT LIL' POKEY DOT DRESS GONNA BE SOILED!



BOY, I WAS LUCKY! NO HARM DONE—GUESS I'LL LEAVE TH' BASKET ON FEENEY'S PORCH AND GET OVER TO TH' CLUBHOUSE!



LOOK! MY SISTER'S POLKADOTTED DRESS RIGHT ON TOP OF MY MA'S LAUNDRY BASKET! THAT GIVES ME A TERRIFIC IDEA!

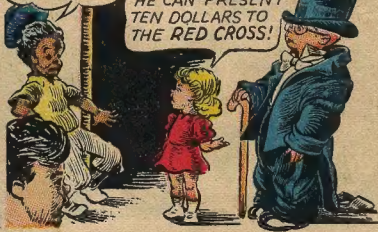


GEE, YOU LOOK SWELL, FROGGY—NOW WE'LL PUT THE TEN DOLLARS IN THE BRIEF CASE SO YOU CAN BE REAL BUSINESS-LIKE!



MAN ALIVE! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

FROGGY'S ALL DRESSED UP IN HIS FATHER'S FORMAL CLOTHES SO HE CAN PRESENT TEN DOLLARS TO THE RED CROSS!



YEP! WE SOLD ALL THE JUNK ON THE LOT FOR TEN DOLLARS AND NOW I'M GOING TO PRESENT IT TO THE RED CROSS.

MAN, HE LOOK JUS' LIKE MINSTREL SHOW!

NAW-THAT'S FORMAL ATTIRE, LIKE ALL DIPLOMATS WEAR.



GOOD! IGGY IS DISGUISED-FROGGY WON'T RECOGNIZE HIM.

PSST- GET READY, HERE HE COMES!



NOW, REMEMBER, IGGY, LURE HIM INTO THE ALLEY. SAY YOUR MA IS DYIN' AND WILL HE COME WITH YOU TO HELP. THEN YOU KINDA FAINT SO'S HE HAS TO CARRY YOU DOWN THE ALLEY.

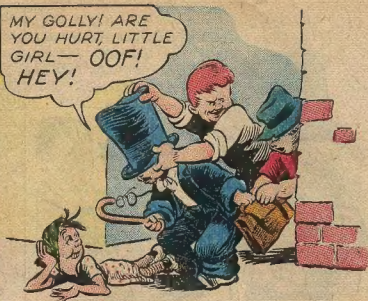
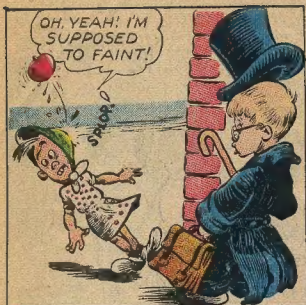


BOO, HOO! HELP ME, KIND STRANGER-MY MA IS DYIN'!



LET'S SEE, NOW-I'M SUPPOSED TO DO SOMETHIN' ELSE-





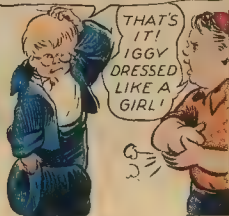
WELL, THEN, MRS. FEENEY'S LITTLE GIRL WAS IN ON THE ROBBERY—BUT I COULDN'T SEE THE MAIN ROBBERS. THEY SAT ON ME AND PUSHED THIS HAT OVER MY EYES AND STOLE THE MONEY!



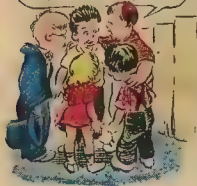
I KNOW MARY FEENEY AND SHE WOULDN'T DO THAT! BUT HER BROTHER IS THAT GASHOUSER WE CHASED OFF THE DIAMOND. MAYBE HE USED HER DRESS SOMEHOW.



SA-AY—COME TO THINK OF IT—THAT 'LITTLE GIRL' LOOKED LIKE IGGY! HOCH-HEISER! IT MUST HAVE BEEN IGGY! NOBODY LOOKS LIKE IGGY EXCEPT IGGY!



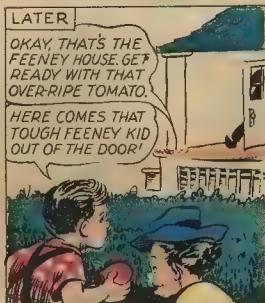
WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT MONEY BACK FOR THE RED CROSS—NOW, BUCKWHEAT, YOU CAN RUN GOOD—AND MICKEY'S GOOD AT THROWIN'—NOW, HERE'S THE PLAN—NE—BZZZ—



LATER

OKAY, THAT'S THE FEENEY HOUSE. GET READY WITH THAT OVER-RIPE TOMATO.

HERE COMES THAT TOUGH FEENEY KID OUT OF THE DOOR!



SPLAT

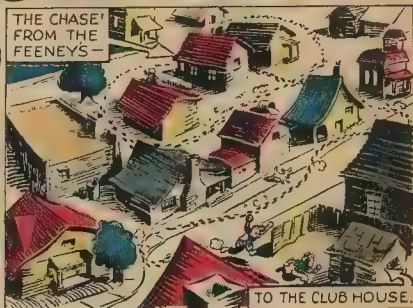


WHY, YOU—I'LL MURDER YOU—

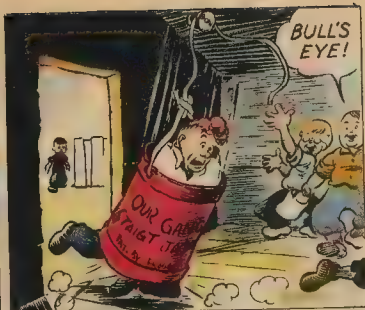
YAH! YAH! CATCH ME FIRST!



THE CHASE! FROM THE FEENEYS—



TO THE CLUB HOUSE.



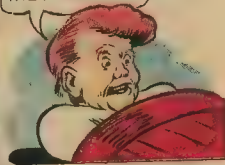
NOW-TALK FAST, AND DON'T YELL FOR HELP OR I'LL SHOVE THIS PAINT BRUSH CLEAR DOWN TO YOUR LIVER! WHERE'S THAT TEN BUCKS? TALK QUICK OR THE BOYS WILL PAINT YOUR FEET GREEN AND I'LL PAINT YOUR HEAD AS YELLOW AS YOU ARE!



GEE! THE TEN DOLLARS FOR THE RED CROSS WAS HIDDEN IN HIS SHOE!



THAT MONEY'S FOR THE RED CROSS? WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? I THOUGHT YOU WAS GIVIN' IT TO A GUY NAMED RED KRAUSE! HECK, I DON'T MIND CONTRIBUTIN' IT TO THE RED CROSS!



WHAT D'YOU MEAN, YOU DON'T MIND CONTRIBUTIN' TO IT?

WELL, IN A WAY, HE'S RIGHT. SOME OF THE JUNK WAS HIS, WASN'T IT?

MAN! HE WORE A FIFTEEN CENT HOLE IN THIS HERE BILL!



LATER

ON TO THE RED CROSS!

FEENEY KEEPS AN EYE OUT FOR MO' ROBBERS AN' WE KEEPS AN EYE ON FEENEY!

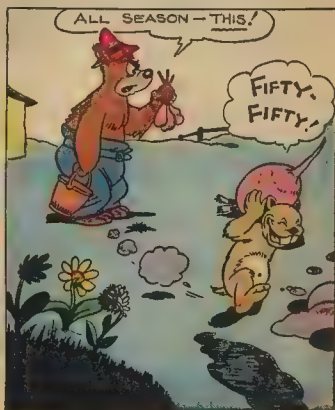


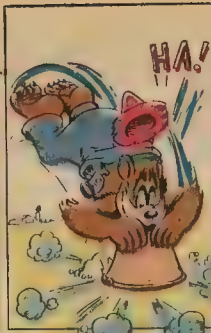
OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

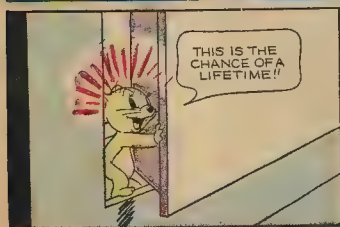
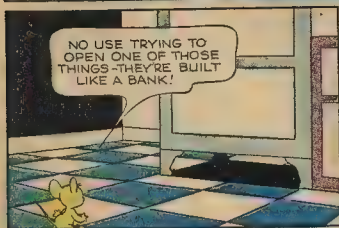
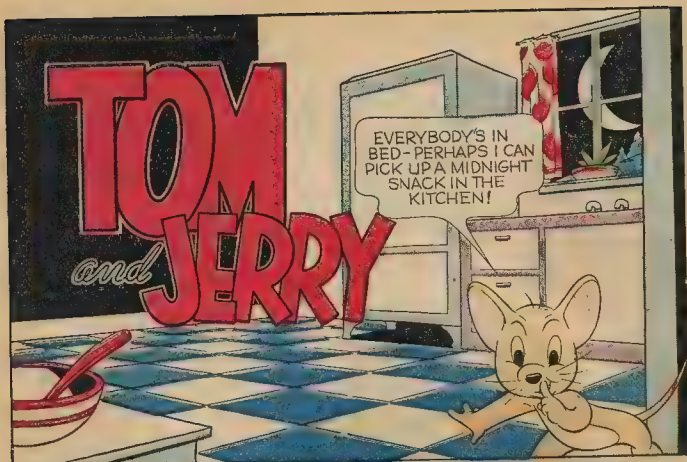
BARNEY BEAR

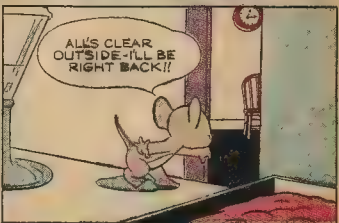
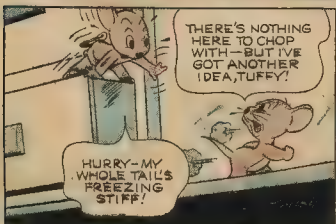
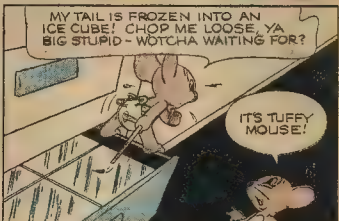
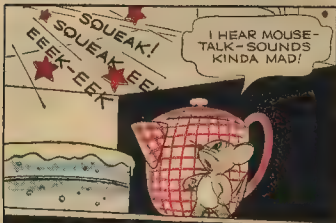
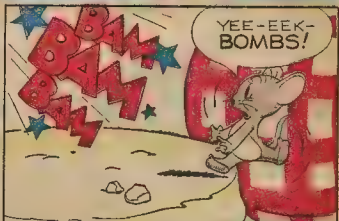
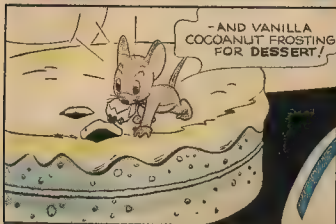
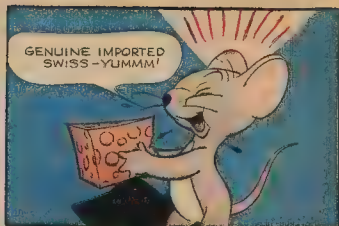
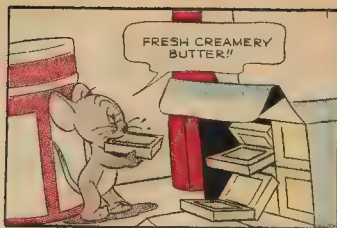


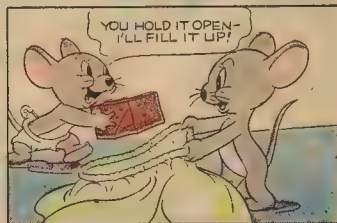
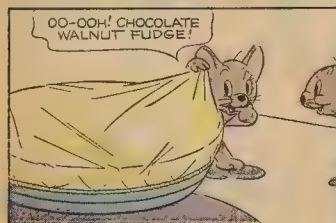
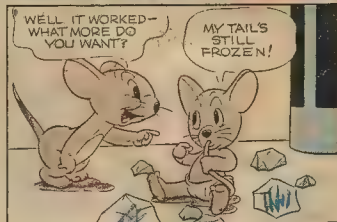
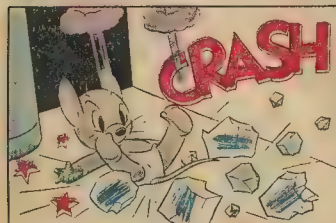
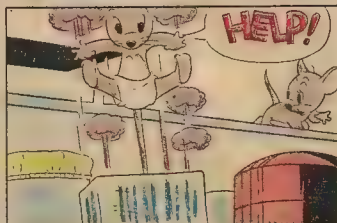
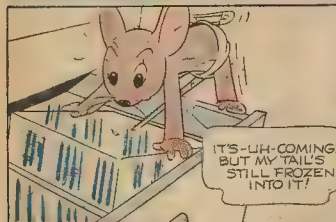
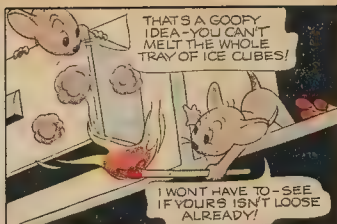
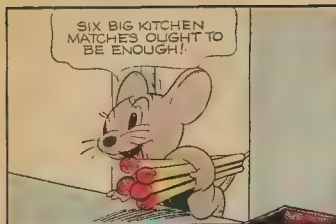
PROVING BEARS DON'T GO FOR GOPHERS
AND GOPHERS CAN BARELY BEAR BEARS!

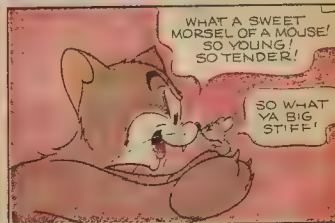
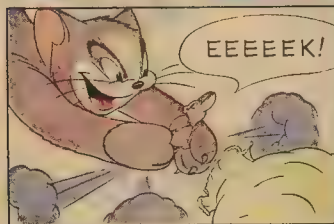
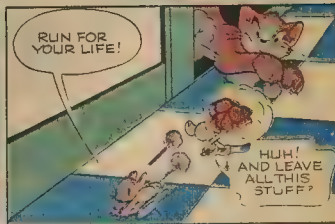
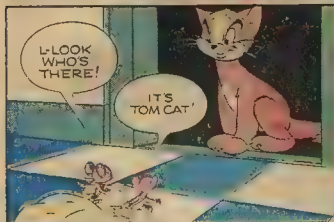
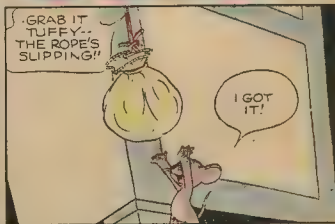
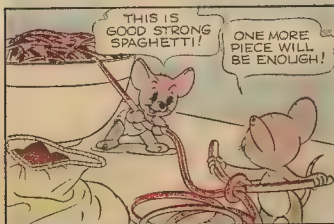
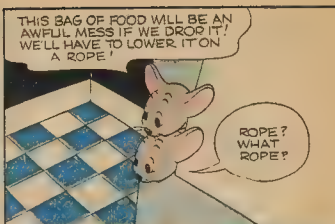
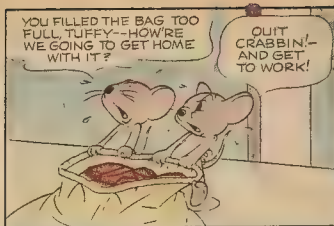


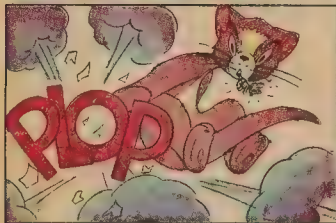
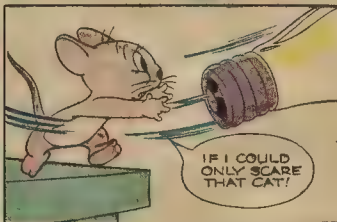
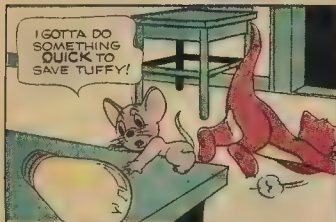
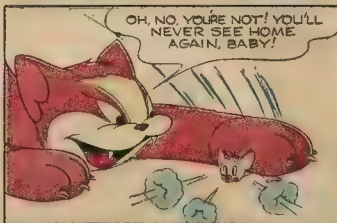
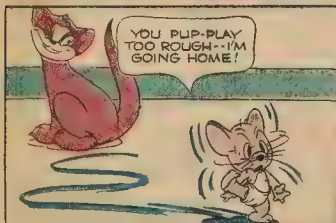
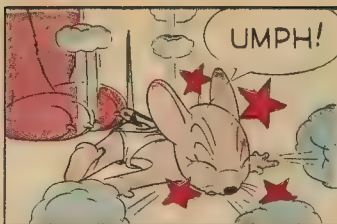
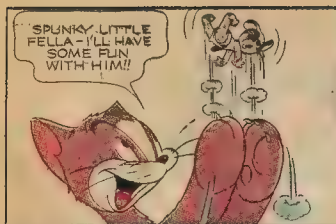


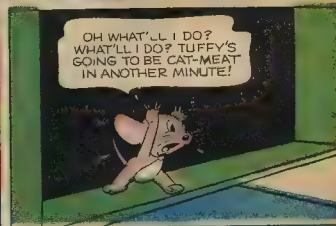
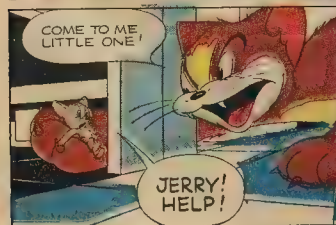
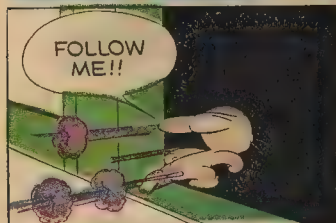
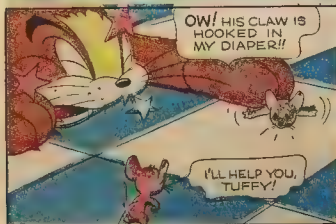
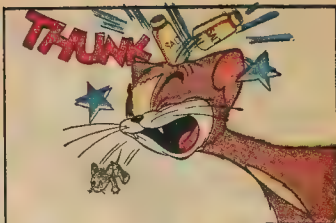
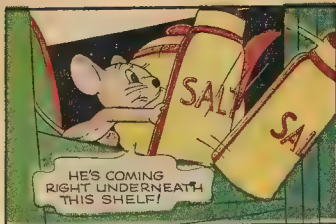


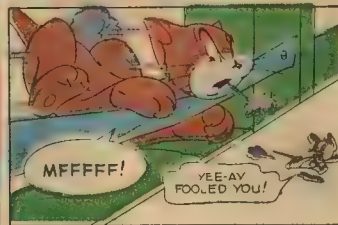
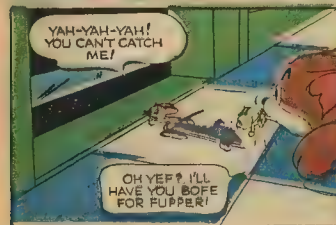
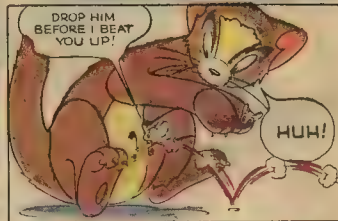
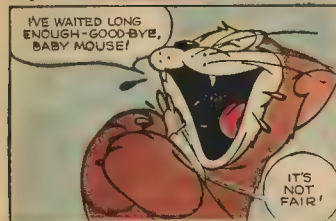
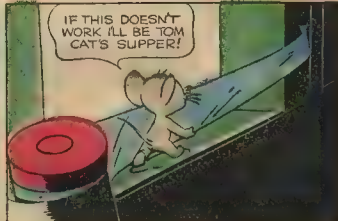
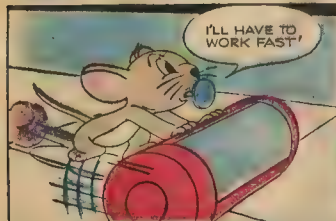
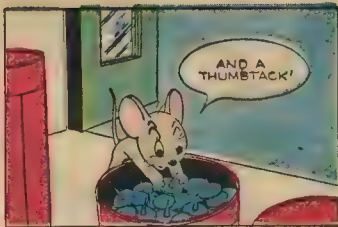
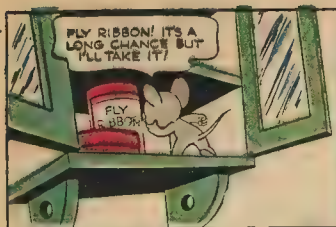


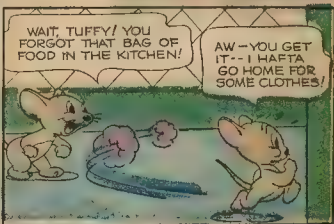
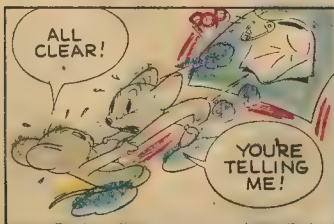
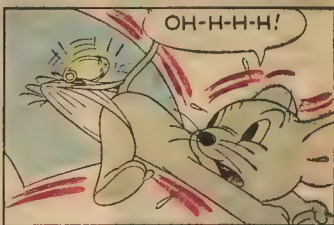
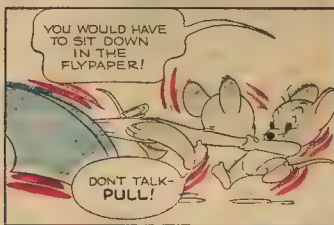
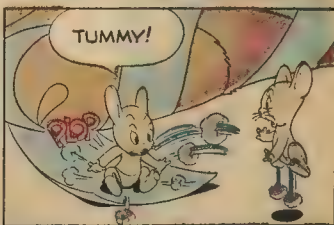
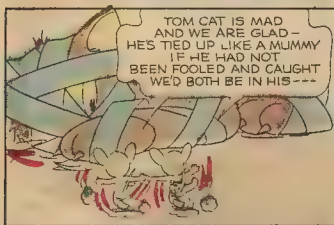
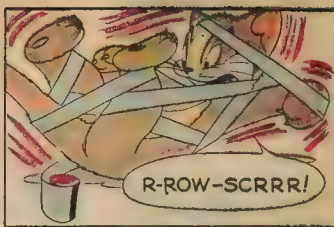
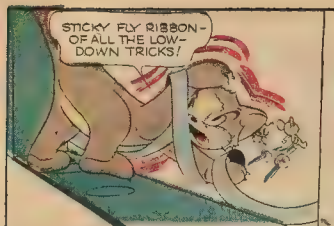


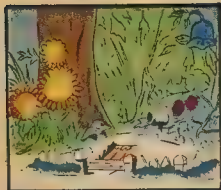












The Story of

JOHNNY MOLE

JOHNNY MOLE lived with his mother in a cozy house under the ground. Mrs. Mole called it a basement apartment. The roof was Johnny Mole's front yard, and it had a door in the middle of it. Outside the picket fence stood a mailbox with Mrs. Mole's name on it.

There weren't any windows in the house, but Johnny and his mother didn't mind that. They could see quite well in the dark. They liked to live underground because it was cool in summer and warm in winter.

Mrs. Mole was especially proud of her fine kitchen. It had a hard earthen floor which she kept almost as clean as her table. She cooked over an open fire of match sticks, and her soup pot was a tea cup without any handle. A sardine can made an up-to-date sink in one corner.

One day Mrs. Mole made a big pot of vegetable soup for dinner. She sliced up some onions and parsnips and put them on to boil with a handful of dried peas. The soup smelled delicious, cooking over the open fire.

"There's one thing more I need," she said, going to the cellar door. "Johnny! JOHNNEE-EE! Stop eating apples and bring me a nice, big carrot right away!"

"Just a minute, Mom!" Johnny answered from the cellar. "I'll bring you the very biggest I can find!"

The cellar had been dug right under a garden, so that the carrots grew down through the roof. When Johnny Mole wanted one, all he had to do was to pull it down.

The biggest carrot hung so high that Johnny had to climb up on a box of currants to reach it. He pushed and he pulled to loosen it, but the carrot wouldn't come loose. Suddenly he threw his whole weight on it.

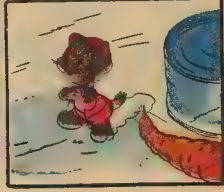
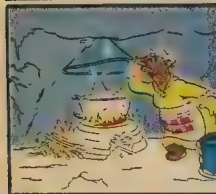
CR-RASH! The big carrot came down on top of him.

He got up and dragged it into the kitchen.

"Thank you, Johnny," said his mother. "You can go out now and play in the yard until dinner is ready."

"Oh boy!" Johnny grinned. "If only it isn't raining!"

The minute that Johnny Mole opened the door he knew it



was a fine day. The sun was so bright that it almost blinded him. After coming out of his dark doorway he had to keep both eyes shut tight for a while.

Moles can't see well in bright daylight and Johnny was especially nearsighted. Before he knew it he had walked smack into a big toadstool.

"Oof—excuse me!" Johnny gasped, for he was very polite.

When the toadstool didn't say anything, he looked closer and saw what it was.

"Humph!" he said. "That thing must have grown up last night. I'll climb on top of it and look over the fence."

Something else had happened the night before, when Johnny and his mother were asleep. A truck had driven up near the Moles' house and dumped a big pile of rubbish. Looking over the fence Johnny saw it for the first time.

The poor little Mole's eyes were so very nearsighted that the tin cans among the rubbish looked like shining towers. The broken bottles seemed to him like windows reflecting the sun. He mistook the old rubber tires for garden walls.

"Oh boy, oh boy!" he cried in delight. "Look at that bee-yoo-tiful castle! It's got golden roofs and marble walls and diamond windows and a blue river all around it, and—"

He stopped short because somebody was coming up the path, singing in a deep bass voice.

"Dum-diddy-um-dum, here I come!

Doctor Primrose Skunk's my name.

For every ill I've got a pill,

Young and old have heard my fame!"

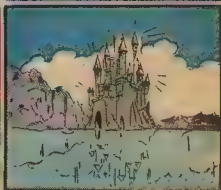
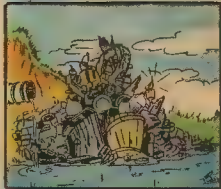
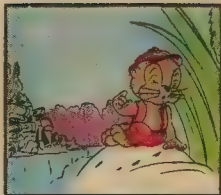
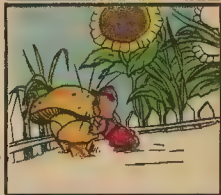
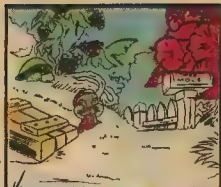
Johnny Mole twisted around on his toadstool. His poor, sun-struck eyes were so squinted that he couldn't see a thing until Doctor Primrose Skunk reached the mailbox.

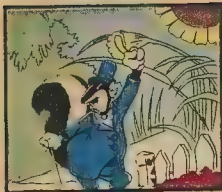
"How do you do, young man?" boomed the doctor's big, bass voice. "Allow me to congratulate you on your salubrious appearance today!"

Johnny Mole didn't know what that meant, but he thought Doctor Primrose Skunk looked very respectable with his top hat and his gold-headed cane.

"I'm all right, thanks," he answered politely. "You must have got the wrong address, Doctor. Mom and I don't need any medicine."

"Ah," said Doctor Primrose Skunk. "But perhaps you need something else my skill can supply. I am prepared to pull teeth, remove warts, cure stuttering or give permanent waves. In fact





I can do almost anything—"

"Say, Doctor!" cried Johnny as a sudden thought struck him "Why don't you ask the people in that big castle with the shiny gold roofs? They probably need lots of permanent waves and things—and they'd pay top prices!"

"Er-castle?" gulped Dr Primrose Skunk "Gold roofs—top prices—er, just what are you talking about, my boy?"

"Why, THAT castle just across the beautiful, blue river!" cried Johnny, pointing to the junk pile "You must have seen it as you came up the path!"

The doctor's head snapped around. He stared open-mouthed at the old tin cans and broken bottles on the junk pile. Then he turned back to stare at Johnny Mole.

"Dear me, this is terrible!" he said in a hoarse whisper "Has nobody ever told you that you needed glasses? Tell me, now—what is this I am holding up in front of you?"

"It looks like a banana!" answered Johnny, squinting hard. "Wrong!" boomed Doctor Primrose Skunk "It's only my finger and it proves that you have the worst case of myopia I ever met. But I can help you. Just let me make one more test before I prescribe your glasses."

Opening his suitcase, the doctor took out a chart with big and little letters on it.

"Now, heads up!" he said cheerfully "Just read the top line—backwards!"

Johnny squinted at the letters. To his nearsighted eyes they looked like big black worms dancing back and forth. He rubbed his eyes, put his head on one side and tried again.

"I'm afraid I can't—" he began.

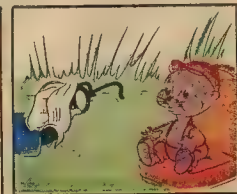
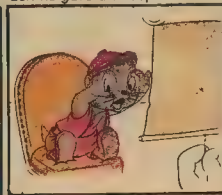
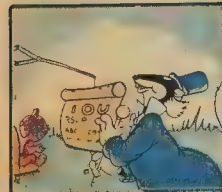
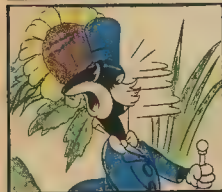
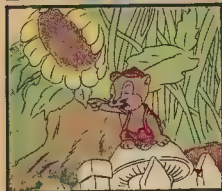
"Try the second line—reading frontwards!" said Doctor Primrose Skunk.

Johnny squinted still harder, and shook his head. "I guess it's no use," he sighed. "It's the first time I ever tried to read any thing!"

The doctor made a noise as if Johnny had poked him in the stomach.

"It doesn't matter, after all," he said, taking over his suitcase. "Here is a pair of glasses that I know will fit you. Just try them on—and see!"

Johnny Mole was a little scared when he saw the black-rimmed spectacles, but he let the doctor put them on. At first he blinked because everything looked so queer to him. All of a sudden he gave a whoop.



"I can see EVERYTHING," he shouted, "'way, 'way off!"

Johnny Mole couldn't tell that his glasses were too strong. He was too excited even to think about paying for them. But Doctor Primrose Skunk wasn't worrying. When Johnny's back was turned he had taken all the money out of the little Mole's pocket.

"Bye-bye, young-fella-me-lad!" he called. "In future days your piercing gaze will all your friends and foes amaze, and one and all will sing the praise of Dr. Primrose Skunk!"

He picked up his suitcase and ombled away, singing:

"Dum;diddy-um, I've got my pay!

Dum;diddy um, I'm on my way—

With a sucker left behind me!"

But Johnny Mole was too far away to hear. He was chasing a big yellow butterfly along the edge of the muddy pond. Again and again he thought the butterfly was within easy reach, but the strong glasses fooled him.

Suddenly, just under his nose, Johnny thought he saw the butterfly again. He grabbed what he thought were its yellow wings, and squeezed.

"Got you!" he cried. But it was only a flower he was holding—a flower with a bee inside!

"Bzzzzz-zz-zz-zz!" said the angry bee. "Let me out of here if you know what's good for you! Bzzzzz-zz-zz-zz!"

Johnny Mole let the flower go in a hurry. As the bee came out, buzzing threats, he backed away.

"I didn't know YOU were inside that flower!" he wailed. "I thought it was a butterfly! Honest I did!"

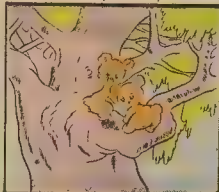
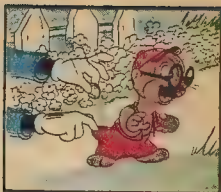
"BUTTERFLY!" buzzed the bee, more angrily than ever. "That's what I call an insult! I've a good mind to give you a poke with my sting, so you won't make that mistake again!"

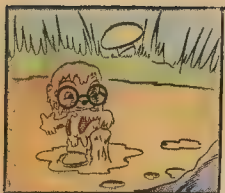
Johnny Mole kept backing up, and the bee kept buzzing nearer and nearer. Of course, Johnny couldn't see where he was going at all. More than once he tripped and fell, but the bee kept chasing him.

The end came when Johnny backed squarely into a hollow tree filled with honey. For a minute he thought he was going to drown in the sticky stuff. He struggled to his feet, wiped the honey off his nose, and found he could breathe.

He didn't see the bee anywhere. She had flown away for help to save what was left of the honey.

High up in the tree above him, two little bear cubs looked down at the little blob of honey that was really Johnny Mole.





"Oooh, yummy! Do you see what I see?" squealed one of the cubs.

"A honey-comb!" exclaimed the other cub, licking his lips. "Somebody must have dropped it there. What do you think would happen if we just tasted it?"

"We really oughtn't to touch it," said the first cub, "but it DOES look so sweet and tasty. Makes my mouth water!"

"Come on!" said his brother. "Let's go down and take a closer LOOK at it anyway!"

They slid down the tree in such a hurry that they nearly fell. Of course, once they got a sniff of the honey they had to taste it. One of them picked poor Johnny Mole up on a stick, just as if he were a honeycomb, and started to lick the honey off his glasses.

"HEY!" shouted Johnny. "I may look sweet with all this honey on my face, but I didn't ask you to kiss me!"

"It—it TALKS!" wailed the bear cub, trembling with fright. "Oh dear, oh dear!"

"Drop it quick!" yelled the other cub. "I knew we shouldn't have touched that honey without permission!"

Johnny Mole felt himself falling. Glued to the stick with honey, he couldn't save himself. He struck the ground so hard that he didn't know anything more for quite a while.

When at last he came to his senses he thought he had gone blind. His eyes were all squinted up and he couldn't see anything clearly two feet beyond his nose.

"My glasses!" he cried. "They must have fallen off when I hit the ground!"

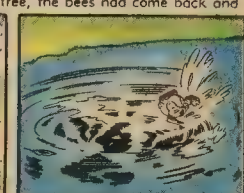
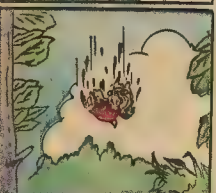
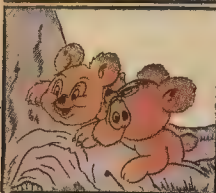
Feeling around with his hands, he found them, all smashed to pieces.

Johnny felt very sad. He tried to find the broken pieces of his wonderful glasses and put them together, but he had to give it up. Next he began to wonder how he could ever find his way back home. Everything looked so dim and strange that it frightened him.

"Mom!" he cried in a shaky voice. "MOM! Where are you? Can't you hear me? I'm LOST!"

There was no answer. Not even the distant buzzing of a bee came to Johnny's ears. He knew that he was so far from home that there was no hope of his mother ever finding him.

Johnny got up and started to run. He was so scared that he didn't realize he wasn't stuck up with honey any longer. While he lay unconscious near the tree, the bees had come back and



cleaned up every drop of honey in sight.

He was so blind without his glasses that he ran right over the edge of a cliff. He fell ten feet to the brook where a whirlpool caught him and sucked him down.

It was a good thing for Johnny Mole that he had learned to swim. The whirlpool carried him around and around, but he kept his nose above water until he got to the middle of the pool. There he looked down and saw a deep hole in the water, going right down to the bottom of the brook.

Suddenly he felt himself falling. He shut his eyes, held his breath, and hoped that he wouldn't be drowned.

The water closed over his head. He felt his feet hit bottom hard. Then he was caught away by the fierce current and tumbled over and over.

"Oh, dear!" he thought. "I can't hold my breath much longer. If I don't get fresh air pretty soon I'LL HAVE TO BREATHE WATER!"

It was as if the water had heard his thoughts. In less time than it takes to tell, it swirled him to the top and shot him out into the air with a WHOOSH! Johnny saw that he was near shore, where some tall cattail rushes grew. He started to swim with all his might.

Just then his mother, Mrs. Mole, opened the door to call Johnny to dinner. She called softly first and then loudly, "Johnnee-ee-ee!" But of course she got no answer.

She looked all around the yard, but Johnny Mole was nowhere in sight. Mrs. Mole began to get really worried. When she saw the tracks of Dr. Primrose Skunk in the road she was wild with fear for her little son.

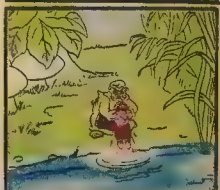
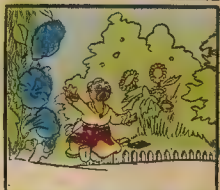
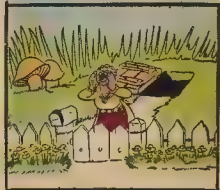
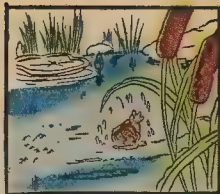
Some skunks HAVE been known to carry off little mice and moles and their poor mothers never saw them again.

"Oh, Johnny! Johnny Mole, what awful thing has happened to you? Why don't you answer me—"

She broke off because she thought she heard a faint cry down by the brook. She ran as fast as she could, and was just in time to pull Johnny out of the water.

Johnny was still so scared that it was hard for him not to cry. But he didn't cry. He let his mother do that, which was all right, because SHE was crying for joy at getting Johnny back. She ran with him toward the house.

"Put me down, Mom!" Johnny said all of a sudden. "I know where I am now because I smell dinner cooking. I'M HOME AGAIN!"



FLIP AND DIP

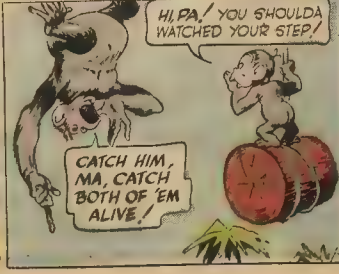
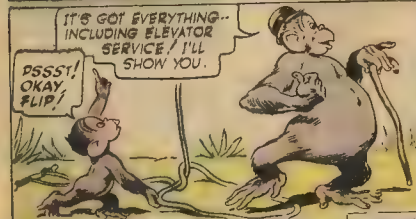
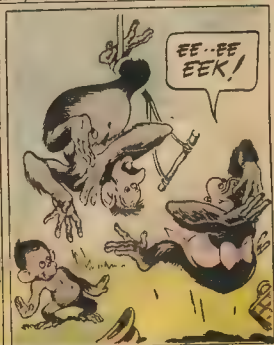
I'LL CLIMB UP AND GIVE YOU SOME SLACK, DIP!

HURRY, FLIP, BEFORE THEY TURN AROUND!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, MA? I RENTED THE PLACE FURNISHED TO SURPRISE YOU AND THE KIDS

IT'S NICE AND AIRY - AND YOU SAY IT'S GOT ALL THE NEW CONVENIENCES?

COPR., 1942 BY OSKAR LEBECK





SMART ALECS!
UNGRATEFUL BRATS!
THE FIRST THING YOU
HAVE TO DO IN YOUR
NEW HOME IS TO
PULL MONKEY
TRICKS!



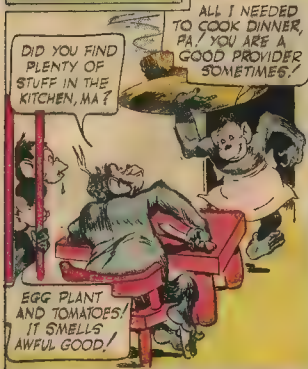
I WANT A CHANCE TO
GET SETTLED / I
HOPE THERE IS A
GOOD SAFE PLACE
TO SHUT THESE
SCAMPS UP!

THERE
IS!



I HAD THIS CAGE MADE
ESPECIALLY--I KNEW
WE'D NEED IT!

IT'S A LITTLE
DRAUGHTY--MAYBE
I'D BETTER GET
THEM A
BLANKET!



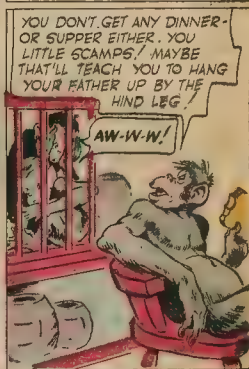
DID YOU FIND
PLENTY OF
STUFF IN THE
KITCHEN, MA?

ALL I NEEDED
TO COOK DINNER,
PA! YOU ARE A
GOOD PROVIDER
SOMETIMES!

EGG PLANT
AND TOMATOES!
IT SMELLS
AWFUL GOOD!

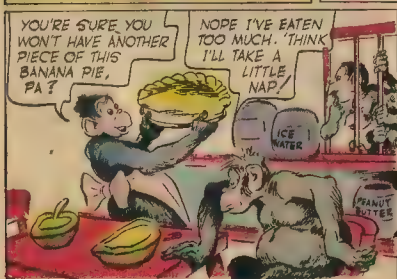


HEY!
DON'T WE
GET ANY
DINNER?



YOU DON'T GET ANY DINNER-
OR SUPPER EITHER. YOU
LITTLE SCAMPS! MAYBE
THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO HANG
YOUR FATHER UP BY THE
HIND LEG!

AW-W-W!



YOU'RE SURE YOU
WON'T HAVE ANOTHER
PIECE OF THIS
BANANA PIE,
PA?

NOPE I'VE EATEN
TOO MUCH. THINK
I'LL TAKE A
LITTLE
NAP!



HQ HUM! NOTHING LIKE
A GOOD SQUARE MEAL
TO MAKE A MAN FEEL
DROWSY--DON'T
CALL ME FOR
AN HOUR, MA.

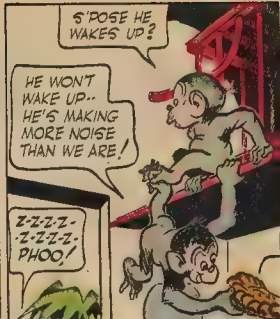


LOOK, FLIP!
THIS BAR IS
LOOSE--
HELP ME!



THERE!
IT'S OUT!

NOW FOR THE
BANANA PIE!
MA'S IN THE
KITCHEN
AND PA'S
ASLEEP!



S'POSE HE
WAKES UP?

HE WON'T
WAKE UP--
HE'S MAKING
MORE NOISE
THAN WE ARE!

Z-Z-Z-Z-
Z-Z-Z-Z-
PHOO!



YOU CAN HAVE YOUR
OLD BANANA PIE--
GIVE ME JAM!

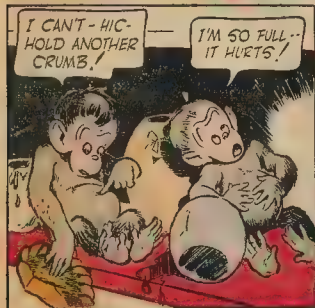
U-M-M-M-M-
YUM-YUM!



-AND PEANUT
BUTTER ON
BREAD FRUIT!



I THOUGHT
YOU SAID YOU
COULDN'T EAT
ANY MORE!



I CAN'T - HIC -
HOLD ANOTHER
CRUMB!

I'M SO FULL--
IT HURTS!

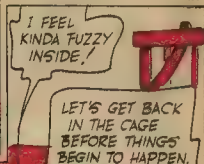
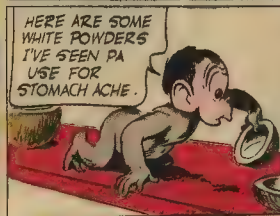
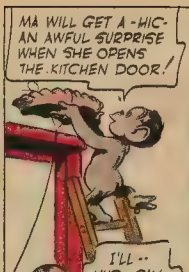
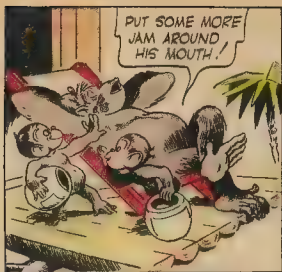


SH-H-H-H!



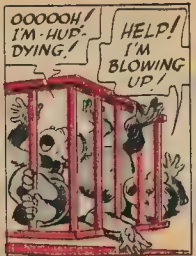
?????

FOLLOW
ME AND
BRING THE
PEANUT
BUTTER!

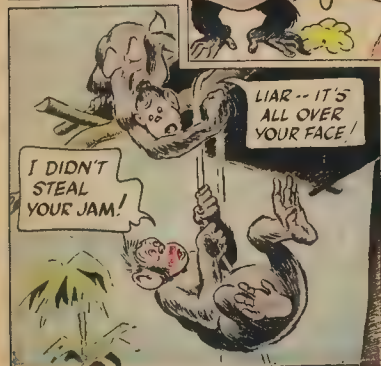
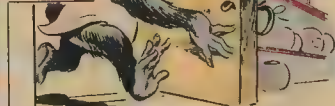




SO IS MINE - IT MUST BE THOSE POWDERS WE TOOK WERENT MIXED RIGHT!



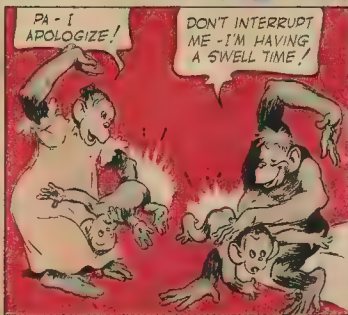
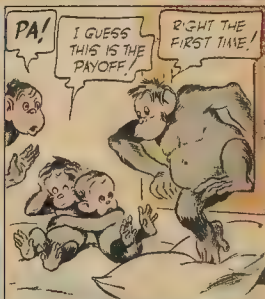
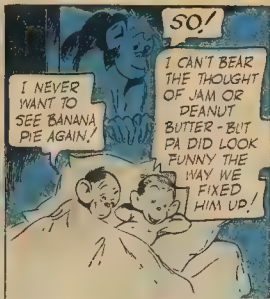
HA, HA / HOW DID YOU GET THAT WAY? PIE FACE!



LIAR -- IT'S ALL OVER YOUR FACE!



BUY DEFENSE SAVINGS BONDS and STAMPS





PETE SMITH'S LIONS ON THE LOOSE

*Retold from the Pete Smith,
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Specialty*

Once upon a time, in a big roomy cage in a Zoo, there lived a family of lions.

The magnificent Papa Lion proudly surveyed his world from behind his bars and dozed contentedly in the sunniest corner of the cage, when he was not eating. Graceful, tawny Mamma Lion gazed fondly upon her lordly mate and her two frisky babies. The two golden-skinned cubs romped and played and looked longingly through the bars at the enticing world beyond the cage.

Papa Lion and Mamma Lion were completely satisfied with their man-regulated life of peace and quiet and good, red meat. But the gay, young cubs did not share their contentment. They wanted to see what was going on beyond those steel bars.

One day they succeeded in squeezing their plump, small bodies between those bars. Suddenly they were outside, looking in, instead of inside, looking out. They were free! Joyfully they scampered away.

Papa Lion roared a command to return. Mamma Lion called to them, begging them to come back. But the baby cubs paid no attention to the voices of their parents. They had escaped and they intended to enjoy their newfound freedom.

Merrily they trotted away from the Zoo and soon they were in a green woods, a land of soft thick grass and tall trees. The cubs purred with delight, as they rolled and jumped and skipped onward through the sunshine.

Then, suddenly a strange creature appeared before them, barring their way. It had bright, gleaming eyes, a sharp face, thick black-and-white hair and a bushy tail. When it saw the baby lions, it made strange, raspy sounds.

But the cubs weren't afraid. For a moment they stared wonderingly at the creature, which was a wild raccoon. The raccoon stared back at them with menacing eyes. Then it tensed its body for battle.

But, instead of retreating, as the raccoon expected them to do, the cubs purred with friendliness and rushed forward. Surprised and frightened by this sudden onrush, the raccoon turned and fled, leaving the cubs in undisputed possession of the woods and the path.

At first the little lions were amazed by the sudden disappearance of their new playmate. But they soon forgot him in the fun of exploring the wonders of this new world.

On and on they wandered and, finally, they blundered into a garden, which surrounded a house. A door was standing open and, when the bright eyes of the cubs saw that opening, they did not hesitate. Their chubby, little bodies rushed, pellmell, into the house. Eagerly they prowled around, their padded feet thudding softly on floors and rugs.

At last they roamed into a bright, cheery place, filled with dozens of toys and playthings. The cubs did not know, of course, that they were in a child's nursery. They only knew that they had found exciting, new objects to investigate.

It was a gay and bewildering hour for the baby lions. There were so many strange things to smell and feel. Funny noises greeted them. when they touched things.

Suddenly one of the cubs bumped into a merry-go-round. It began to whirl and sing and the flying little figures hit the lion, smack, on the nose. With a yelp of bewilderment, he jumped upward and landed in the softness of a crib.

A moment later his brother joined him in the crib and they looked down upon the noisy, moving wonders of the toys. In their scram-

blings their sharp, little claws ripped open the pillows and, swish, they were buried in a shower of choking, drifting, blinding feathers.

Yelping wildly, they bounded down from the crib and fled from the room and from the rain of feathers. A parrot barked at them in their flight through the house, but they paid no attention to his shrill voice.

When they stopped running, they found themselves in a new room. There was no one to tell them that it was a kitchen, so they decided to find out for themselves what kind of a place it was.

After a moment their bright eyes saw the ledge, which was the sink, high above their heads. With a swift, strong leap, one of the cubs jumped upward and landed nimbly on the smooth tiles. The other hesitated and was lost. Try as he might, he could not make the leap. Again and again he scrambled upward, only to fall back. But, at last, his front paws caught firmly on the sink's edge and he managed to pull his chubby, little body up.

His brother was very busy, when he landed beside him. His nose and mouth were buried in the rich creaminess of a chocolate pie, which he had discovered on the ledge. Soon there were two pink tongues, greedily lapping up the pie. Never had any food at the Zoo tasted like that.

Round and round on the tiles they wriggled in their eagerness to scoop all the sweetness from the pan. One of them knocked over a can of flour, loosening the top. But spilled flour meant nothing to the hungry cubs.

At last, sated with the chocolate creaminess, one of the cubs jumped down to the floor, eager to be on his way to further discoveries. His more timid brother paused on the edge, peering downward. It was a long, long jump, but, finally, he made it, landing with a thud.

Then the startled cubs were buried in an avalanche of soft white. The flour can had rolled to the edge of the ledge and its snowy

contents poured down upon the little lions. Bewildered, and covered with the blinding, white powder, they retreated in quick disorder from the kitchen and from the house.

Back to the green woods went the baby lions. They had had enough of civilization. For long merry days they romped and played, enjoying their freedom. They made two new friends, wanderers like themselves. One was a calm white sheep, which had strayed from the flock. The other was a wizened-faced monkey, which had escaped from the Zoo. Together, the four vagabonds led a merry, carefree life.

Then, one day as they wandered through the woods, the cubs saw a long writhing something, which was curled in loops upon the ground. What was it? The wise monkey knew that it was a deadly python and, shrieking with fear, leaped upon the sheep's back.

But the cubs were not afraid. Boldly they approached this interesting, new creature, with the cold, glittering eyes. They moved closer and closer to it, purring an invitation to play. The python lifted its head and glared at the baby lions. Then one of the cubs touched the snake with its paw.

For a few breathless moments the fate of the baby lions hung in the balance. Then, with a rustling swish, the giant snake slithered across the grass and up the trunk of a tree, where it suspended its long body from a limb.

The cubs followed it, standing under its wedge-shaped head. They jumped merrily up and down, inviting the python to play. But the snake hung, motionless, its eyes gleaming.

At last the baby lions tired of this one-sided game and romped away, never dreaming of the tragic doom, which they had so miraculously escaped.

Then, with their friends, the sheep and the monkey, they wandered on in search of new adventures.

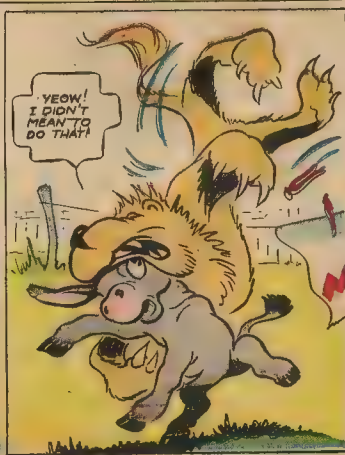
FOR ACTUAL
PHOTOS OF US
SEE THE INSIDE
BACK COVER

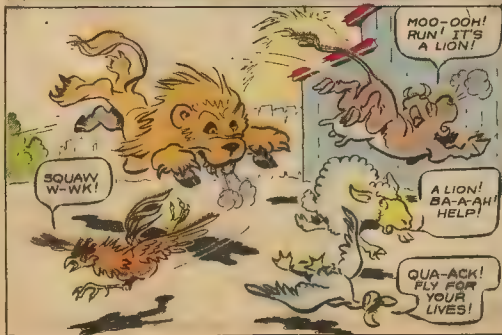
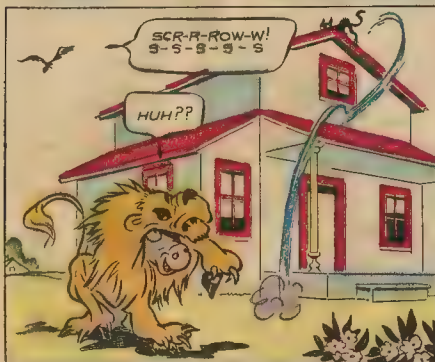
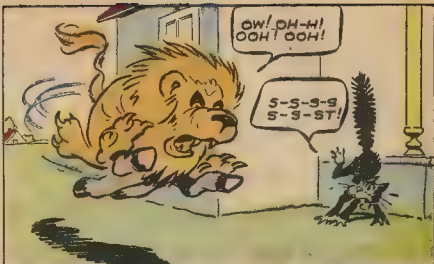
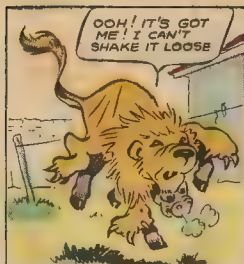


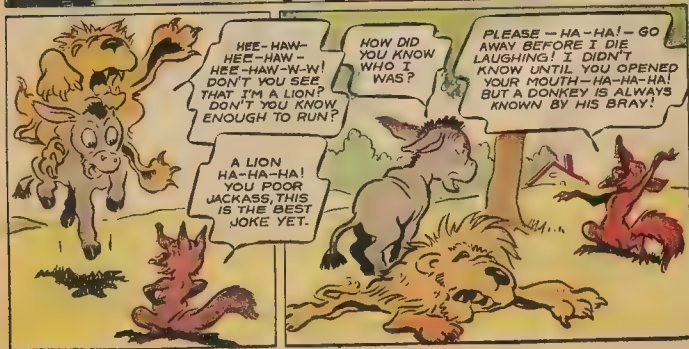
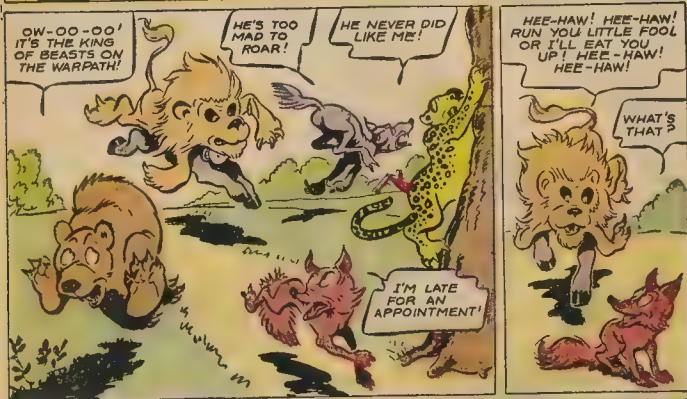
THE DOKY IN THE LION'S SKIN

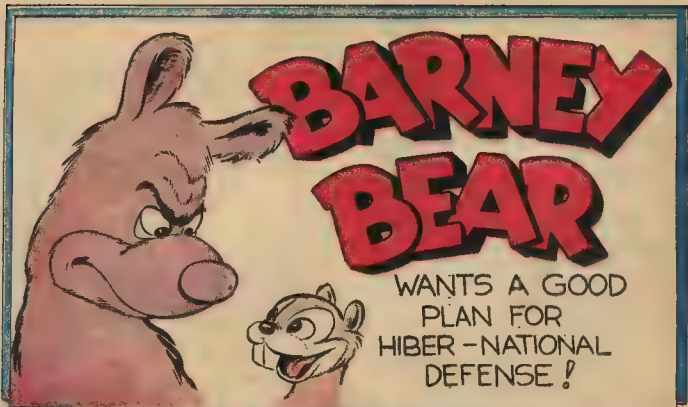


COAR., 1942 BY OSKAR LEBECK





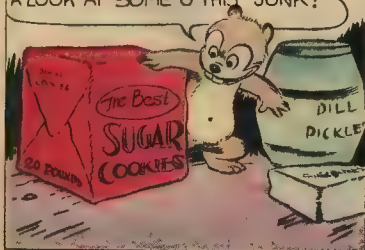




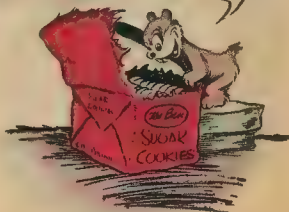
WELL - WHAT'S UP?!

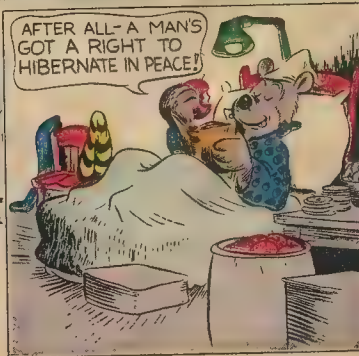
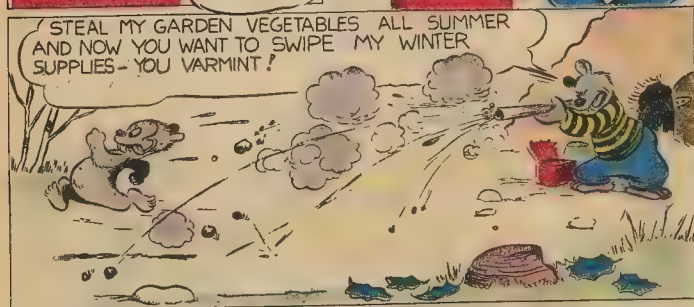
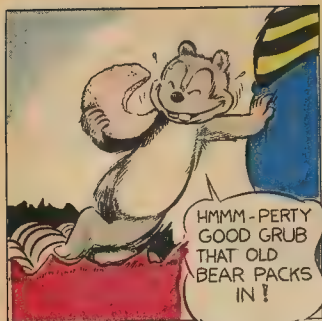


WHILE BARNEY'S IN TH' CAVE I'LL JUST SNEAK UP AND TAKE A LOOK AT SOME O' THIS JUNK!



COURSE IT SAYS "SUGAR COOKIES" ON TH' BOX - BUT Y' NEVER KNOW WHAT'S INSIDE --- WELL MM - HMM -- MY-MY-!



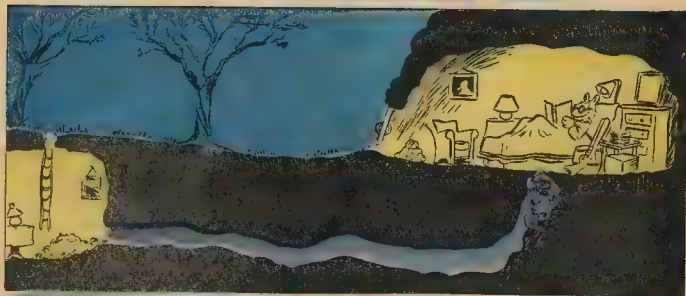


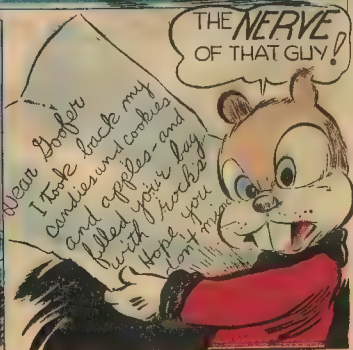
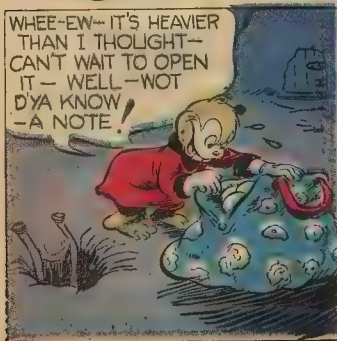
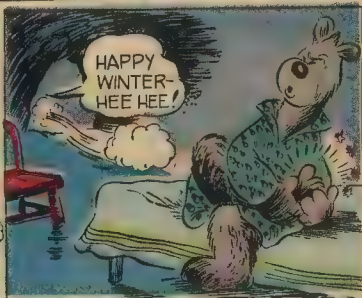






I'LL TUNNEL FROM
HERE RIGHT UNDER
AND INTO HIS CAVE
—THEN I'LL GRAB
THAT BAG FULL
OF SNACKS.

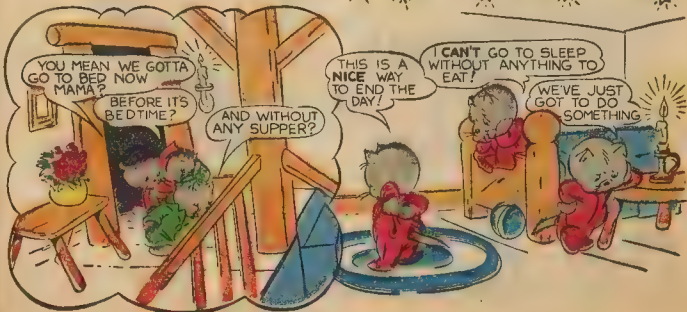
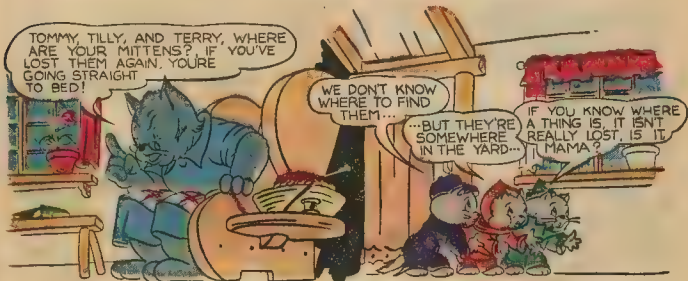




MILKY WAY

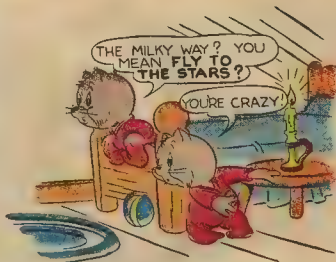
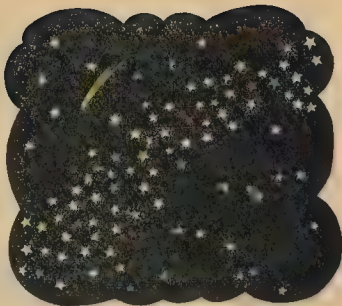
THREE LITTLE KITTENS THEY LOST THEIR MITTENS,
PLAYING OUTDOORS IN THE COLD.
THEY HATED TO TELL, FOR THEY KNEW VERY WELL,
THEIR MOTHER'D BE ANGRY AND SCOLD.

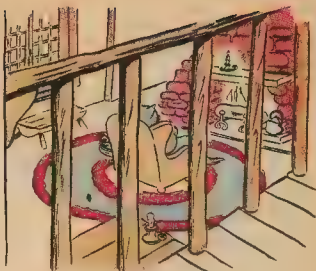
THEY CREPT THROUGH THE DOOR, BUT A BOARD IN THE FLOOR,
GAVE A SQUEAK, AND THEIR MOTHER TURNED 'ROUND,
SHE SAW HER THREE KITTENS, BUT AS FOR THEIR MITTENS,
THEY SIMPLY WERE NOT TO BE FOUND.



THEN, ALL IN A TWINKLING TOM NOTICED A SPRINKLING OF STARS THROUGH THE WINDOWPANE WIDE. HE RAN TO LOOK OUT, THEN TURNED WITH A SHOUT-- "I'VE GOT THE IDEA!" HE CRIED.

"HERE'S SOMETHING TO EAT, THAT WOULD BE A SWELL TREAT WITH NEVER A PENNY TO PAY! IF WE HAD A BALLOON WE COULD VISIT THE MOON-- SO WHY NOT THE MILKY WAY?"





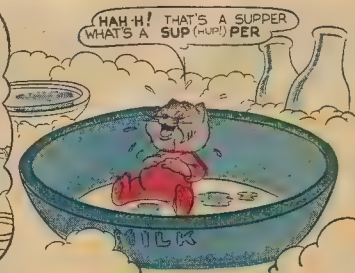
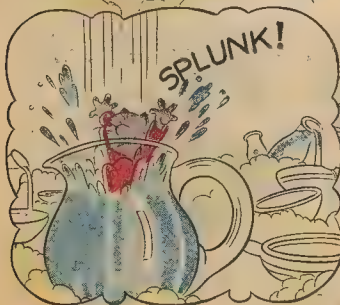
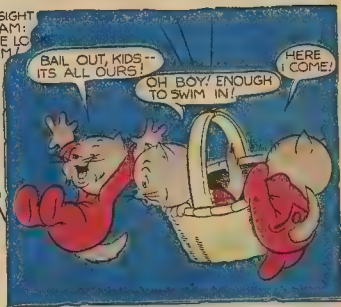
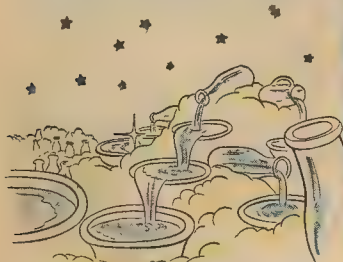
TOMMY, TILLY, AND TERRY, THEY FELT A BIT SCARY AT WHAT THEY WERE GOING TO DO, BUT THEY TIED THEIR BALLOONS TO A BASKET MARKED 'PRUNES'-- AND OUT OF THE WINDOW THEY FLEW.

STRAIGHT UP IN THE SKY THEY FLOATED, SO HIGH, THAT A COMET JUST MISSED TERRY'S HEAD. THEY PASSED CLOSE TO MARS, WITH HIS GUNS SHOOTING STARS, AND THEY WISHED THEY WERE BACK IN THEIR BED.



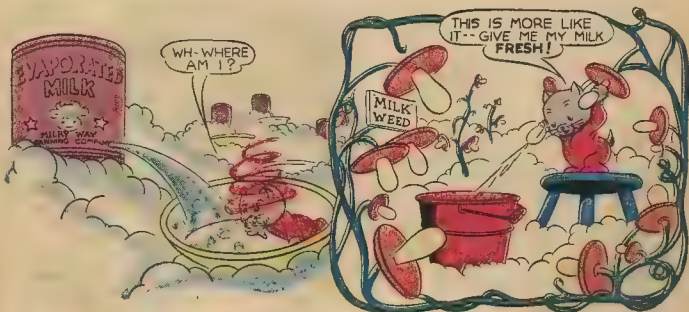


TOMMY KITTEN WAS RIGHT--JUST BELOW WAS A SIGHT SUCH AS MIGHT HAVE BEEN FOUND IN A DREAM: MILK, RUNNING IN BROOKS--AND TO JUDGE BY THE LOOK OF THE BOTTLES, NO END OF FRESH CREAM!

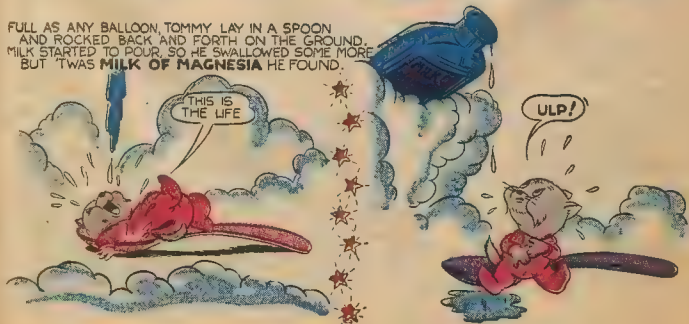


POOR LITTLE TILLY, SHE FELT VERY SILLY--
TO JUMP FROM THE BASKET SHE TRIED,
BUT THE THOUGHT OF A DROP FROM THAT HEIGHT
MADE HER STOP.
EVERY TIME SHE LOOKED OVER THE SIDE!

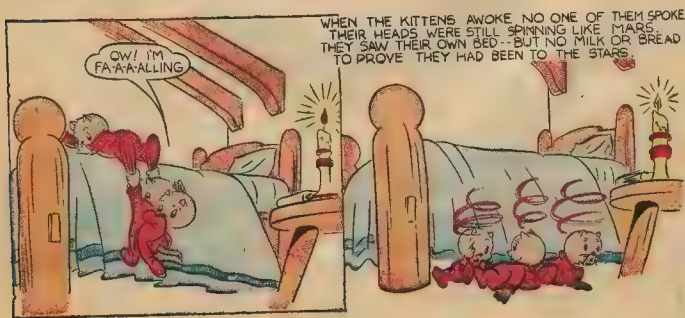
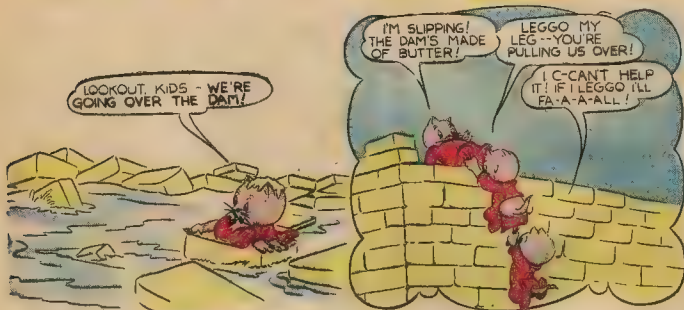
SOON SHE CLIMBED A BALLOON--NOT A MINUTE
TOO SOON--
AND NOT KNOWING WHERE SHE WOULD LAND,
SHE DIVED FROM THE TOP--AND CAME DOWN WITH
A FLOP,
IN A PLACE WHERE THE MILK WAS ALL CANNED!



FULL AS ANY BALLOON TOMMY LAY IN A SPOON
AND ROCKED BACK AND FORTH ON THE GROUND.
MILK STARTED TO POUR, SO HE SWALLOWED SOME MORE
BUT 'T WAS **MILK OF MAGNESIA** HE FOUND.



THAT ISN'T A JOKE!" TOM BEGAN WITH A CROAK,
 "IT'S A PRETTY MEAN TRICK, I'D SAY--
 WHEN DOWN ON HIS HEAD FELL BUTTER AND BREAD
 AND MOST, OF THE MILKY WAY!



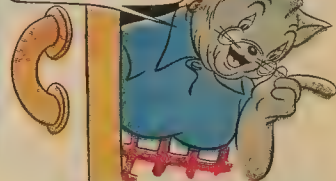
THE THREE TOY BALLOONS AND THE BASKET MARKED "PRUNES", NO LONGER HUNG THERE ON THE HOOK! TOMMY'S EYES OPENED WIDE. "IT WAS TRUE THEN!" HE CRIED.

"WE DID VISIT THE MILKY WAY, AND HOW WE GOT BACK DOESN'T MATTER A WHACK-- THAT'S ALL ANYBODY CAN SAY!"



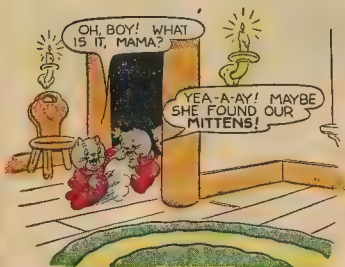
AT A SOFT PURRING SOUND THE KITTENS TURNED ROUND. THEIR MOTHER STOOD THERE WITH A SMILE. "SINCE YOU'RE NOT YET IN BED, COME DOWNSTAIRS," SHE SAID. "I'VE GOT A SURPRISE THAT'S WORTHWHILE!"

COME NOW! YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT I HAVE FOR YOU UNTIL YOU SEE IT!



OH, BOY! WHAT IS IT, MAMA?

YEA-A-AY! MAYBE SHE FOUND OUR MITTENS!



OH! OH, DEAR-- IS THAT WHAT MAMA MEANT?

NO! IT CAN'T BE!

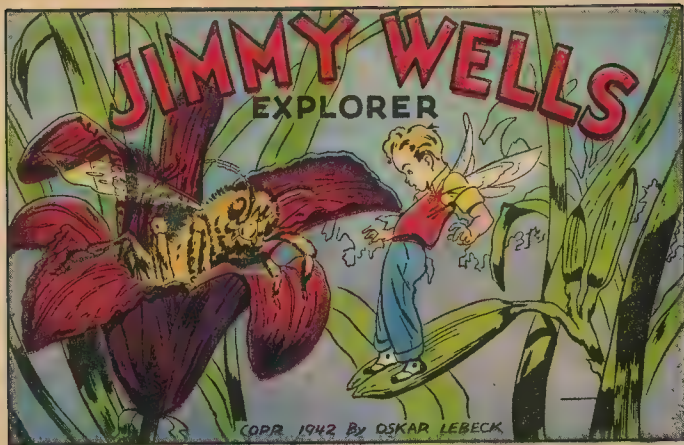
IT'S NO FAIR!



THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS FORGOT THEIR LOST MITTENS-- THEY BLINKED AT THE GLASSES AND BOWLS OF MILK ON THE TABLE AND WISHED THEY WERE ABLE TO FALL IN THREE BOTTOMLESS HOLES.

THE MERE THOUGHT OF CREAM WAS LIKE A BAD DREAM--

THEY JUST COULDN'T STAND ANY MORE. "OH PUT US TO BED!" THE THREE KITTENS SAID. THEY FELL IN A FAINT ON THE FLOOR!



The coming of Professor Tubbs to the farmhouse started a new life for Jimmy Wells—a life of travel and adventure in the queerest corners of the world.

It happened quite naturally Jimmy had just carried a lot of bags and boxes upstairs for his mother's new "summer boarder" when Professor Tubbs stopped him.

"Wait a minute!" said the jolly little man of science. "I'll show you something really wonderful if you'll promise to keep it a secret just between us two!"

Jimmy met the professor's twinkling blue eyes and nodded. Without another word his new friend stooped down to unlock a big leather trunk.

"This is a very special kind of stereoscope," he said, handing Jimmy a strange-looking instrument about a foot long. "Sit down in that armchair and look through the lenses while I place a colored slide in the holder . . . There! Now, tell me what you see."

"I see a bee in front of a yellow flower," Jimmy answered. "It looks real, but it doesn't move!"

"Look harder!" said Professor Tubbs.

Jimmy looked—and something went SNAP! Inside his head. Suddenly he found himself beside the bee he had been looking at Jimmy

Wells was now exactly bee-size. Except for that, and the four strong, transparent wings that kept him up in the air, he was the same boy that had been looking through the stereoscope a moment ago.

"Hello!" said the bee politely. "I didn't see you before. If this is your flower, I'll move on to the next!"

"No, I got here after you," Jimmy answered. "I'd like to see how you take honey from a flower, if you don't mind!"

"I don't mind at all," said the bee. "But it isn't honey that I take—it's nectar."

Jimmy Wells watched the bee stick her long, hollow tongue deep into the heart of the flower and suck out the sweet juice. At the same time he noticed that her legs were getting smeared with yellow powder. The powder came off the little knobs at the center of the flower.

"Your legs are all dusty!" Jimmy exclaimed as the bee lifted her head. "Let me brush you off before you go on, Miss—er—"

"Apis is my name!" said the honey bee, dodging out of reach. "Apis Mellifera—and I WON'T let you brush me off. This yellow pollen dust stays in the little baskets on my legs. It is the flour I make my bee bread from. Come back home with me, and I'll show you how it's done!"

Apis darted up into the air, with Jimmy Wells



close behind her. It surprised him to be flying without the least trouble. He was going to ask Apis where she lived, when she gave a loud buzz of warning, and went into a power dive.

Looking back over his shoulder, Jimmy saw a bird that looked as big as a bombing plane. It was flying straight at him. With a gasp of fright, he dived after Apis. His strong wings whirled too fast to be seen.

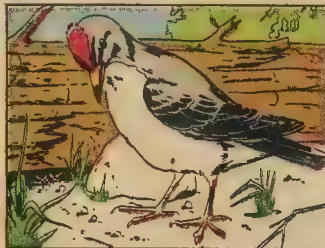
"This way!" came Apis's shrill voice. "Here's a log of wood to hide under!"

Jimmy ducked under the log barely in time. He heard the bird's sharp beak snap shut an inch behind him. He even saw the spot of red feathers on the top of its head as it zoomed away.

"That was a kingbird!" said Apis, walking toward him under the log. "We'll wait till we're sure he's gone!"

"A kingbird!" thought Jimmy Wells. "Why, a kingbird isn't much bigger than a robin! Things look a lot different when you're only bee-size!"

A moment later Apis jumped into the air. Jimmy followed her, flying high over the huckleberry bushes that looked to him like huge forest trees.

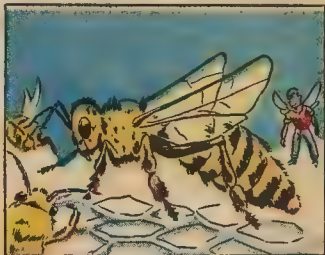


"There's my house—the third from the right!" cried Apis, dropping down toward a row of flat roofed, box-like buildings. "The farmer calls it a beehive—I suppose because so many of us live there. Come in and meet my sisters."

Jimmy Wells found himself on the front porch of the hive, about to enter the dark, sweet-smelling doorway. Walking side by side with Apis, he passed between two rows of bees who stood with their wings whirring like electric fans.

"What are they doing that for?" he asked aloud. "Just exercise?"

"They're keeping the air in the hive fresh,"



Apis told him. "They're workers, like me, and it's their turn to fan. Come upstairs and let me introduce you to our Queen Bee. She's our mother, and the most wonderful person in the world!"

"You—you can't mean she's the mother of ALL of you!" gasped Jimmy. "I can see hundreds and hundreds of honey bees right in this room. One bee COULDN'T have so many children!"

"Oh, yes she could!" laughed Apis. "In just a moment you'll see for yourself!"

The little worker bee led Jimmy to a comb or group of wax cells near the roof of the hive. There a group of her sisters made a ring around a larger bee. This was the Queen Mother, and she certainly looked the part. Her long, slender legs and graceful form made her very beautiful. She was moving over the new comb laying an egg in each cell.

She paused for a moment as she saw the newcomers.

"Good day, Your Majesty!" Jimmy said, as Apis introduced him. "I hope I'm not bothering you!"



"No indeed!" answered the Queen Mother. "I never let **anything** stop my egg laying. Every egg that I lay grows into a baby bee. If I stopped laying for an hour there would be a bad drop in the bee population."

"Don't you even stop to eat, Your Majesty?" asked Jimmy in wonder.

By way of answer, the Queen Mother made a little sign toward one of the workers that stood around her. This worker immediately put its head close-to that of the queen and gave her a sip of honey from its own mouth.

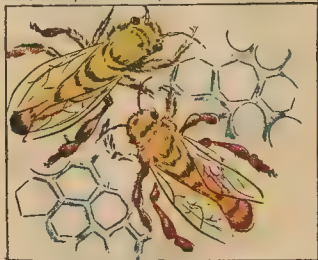
"You see, I haven't time to get my own food," Her Majesty explained; "so my workers keep it always ready to serve me as I work. Run along, now, Apis, and show our guest how we make bee bread for the baby workers."

Jimmy Wells saw many wonderful things in the next hour. He saw Apis make bee bread out of pollen "flour" and honey. He saw her feed one of the baby queens with royal jelly. He learned how to tell by the size of their cradle-cells which were the baby drones, or king bees. He saw that the worker babies, who ate only bee bread, had the smallest cradles of all. Jimmy ate some of the bee bread himself, and found it delicious. He

wanted to taste the royal jelly, too, but the workers told him it was forbidden.

"Oh, Apis!" he exclaimed as they reached the end of the hive. "What is that big, brown curtain hanging from the roof? It looks **ALIVE!**"

"It is alive," the little worker bee answered. "Some of my sisters are getting ready to build more honeycombs. They've eaten all the honey



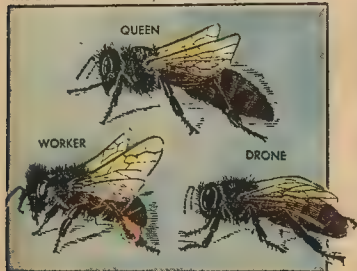
they could hold, and now they're making wax. I think they've just finished."

While Jimmy watched, the curtain of living bees came apart. Each bee on the bottom row let go the hind feet of the bee above her and dropped to the floor. Then she began pulling out the sweet-smelling beeswax that had formed in her pockets.

The most wonderful part came next. The workers took the wax they had just made and built it into six-sided cells—one next to the other—to make a new honeycomb.

Not a bit of wax was wasted. Not one cell was spoiled or out of line! Each bee knew exactly what she had to do.

The comb was well started when a loud buzz of warning sounded from the front of the hive. Instantly the workers nearest Jimmy started for the door.



Something terrible had happened, Jimmy knew, but he dared not ask what. He followed the workers as fast as he could go.

Near the door Jimmy saw that the number of fanning bees had more than doubled. They were whirring their wings so fast that they could hardly keep their feet. Among them was little Apis.

Now Jimmy could see what the trouble was—and smell it, too. Blue smoke was drifting through the door faster than the bees could fan it out again. Jimmy caught a strong whiff of it and choked.

"It's filling the hive!" he gasped. "Apis, you and your sisters will have to leave."

"Leave!" buzzed Apis desperately. "What sort of cowards do you think we are, anyway? If we don't stay and try to keep the air clear, all our baby sisters will choke to death in their cradle cells. We'll die with them if we have to, but we won't desert them!"

That was a brave way to feel and act, Jimmy thought—but it seemed useless for him to stay and die with his bee friends. The smoke was getting thicker every minute. Apis seemed to read his mind, for she said:

"You go and save your own life, Jimmy! You can't help us anyway!" she cried.

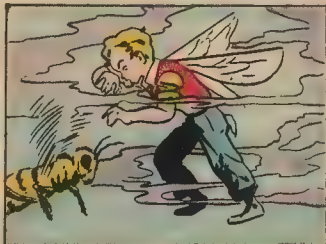
There was a big lump in Jimmy's throat that he couldn't seem to swallow. He squeezed one of Apis's little furry hands and ran for the door.

Once outside, his wings carried him swiftly up into the air. He saw that the smoke came from a grass fire. The farmer and his boys were trying

to beat it out with brooms, but a strong breeze kept spreading the flames.

All at once the wind changed and the smoke blew away from the row of beehives.

"They're saved! My bees are saved!" Jimmy heard the farmer shout.



Jimmy Wells raised his own bee-sized voice in a cheer.

He broke off, choking, as a gust of wind carried thick, hot smoke into his face. His lungs felt on fire. He tried to get his breath but only choked worse. He felt himself falling . . . falling . . .

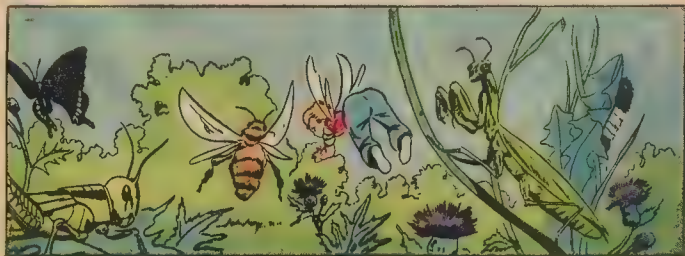
He landed with a hard bump, and opened his eyes.

"Well, Jimmy!" he heard Professor Tubbs' jolly voice exclaim. "You couldn't have been very interested in my stereoscope—falling asleep after one look!"

Jimmy Wells picked himself up from the floor. The little, round-faced scientist was standing with the stereoscope in his hands, and smiling. Then slowly one of his eyelids closed in a wink.

"I heard your mother calling you just now," said Professor Tubbs. "Don't tell her you were taking a nap in my chair, or she'll think you are lazy!"

Jimmy Wells grinned back at his friend as he left the room. He didn't understand all that had happened when he looked into the stereoscope, but he did know that he had not been dreaming. Apis Mellifera was a real bee, and he had talked with her face to face.



KING

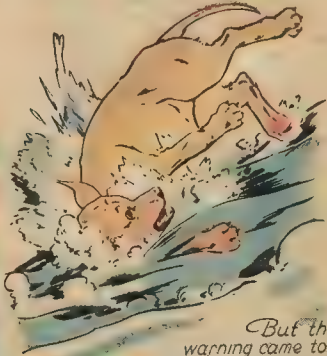
COPR., 1942 BY OSKAR LEBECK



Swollen by late spring rains, the river fought like a wild horse to wreck its rider, a frail birch canoe. The young Quebec sportsman and his Indian guide fought back with flashing paddles. To King, the half grown pup in the bow, dodging rocks was a joyous, exciting game.



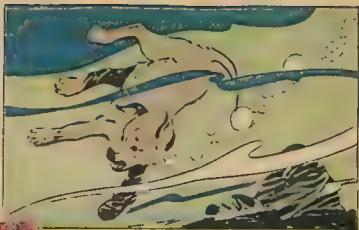
"Down, King!" cried his master, stroking suddenly to avoid a boulder.



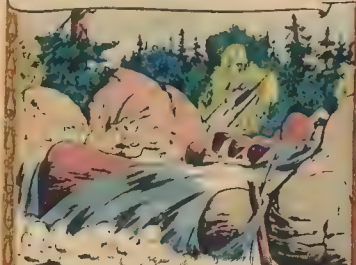
But the warning came too late. With a smothered yelp, King hit the water head first and bottom side up.



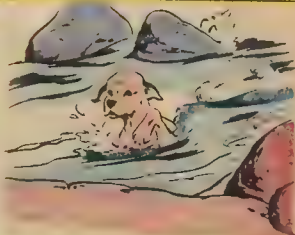
Had a swimmer's water of ten to glimpse the canoe ten yards downstream—desperately he tried to overtake it.



The icy current carried him under, choking for breath.



The next instant, he was thrown against a foam-covered rock—that knocked the water out of him—and the wind too.



King had just time for a deep breath before the river flung him clear. He caught sight of the rocky shore and headed for it.



Where the low cliffs broke away from the water's edge, he scrambled out onto a little shelf.



Too weary to shake himself he lay there panting his eyes half closed.



When his breath returned, he climbed to the top of the ledge



Bounding along the rocky shore, he searched in vain for the canoe. The fierce current had made it impossible for the paddlers to stop.

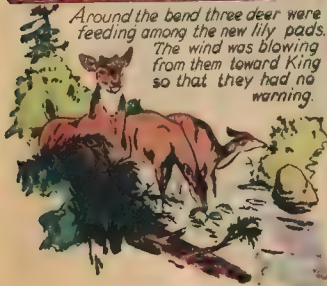


At one point where he had to detour through the woods, the thundering wings of two ruffed grouse scared the puppy almost out of his skin.

Hope and an aching loneliness drove King on. Sunset found him many miles downstream, almost too tired to walk.



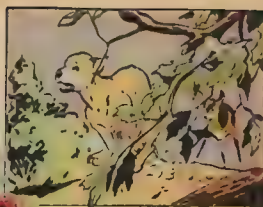
Around the bend three deer were feeding among the new lily pads. The wind was blowing from them toward King so that they had no warning.



The surprise was mutual—but the buck deer's alarm turned quickly to anger. Though he had shed his horns, he despised this small, wolflike intruder.



With a loud snarl, the bear leapt toward his sharp forehoofs chopping the air.



Thoroughly scared, the puppy streaked through the bushes.



peered over the full moon later to find him in a thick thicket of hollyhocks.



Her sensitive ear drums were alert for the faintest scratch.



Hearing nothing she voiced her howl blood chilling cry. "Hoo-hoo-hoo-ah!"



The sound shocked King's quivering nerves. "What can that be?" he wondered, raising his head to look



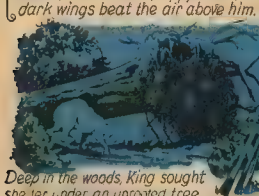
The rustling of bushes caught the old owl's ear. As a swift shadow she drifted across the glade.



Needle sharp claws pricked the puppy's scalp—dark wings beat the air above him.



He bounced out of the hackberries with a heart-rending howl—as the puzzled owl winged off to other hunting grounds.

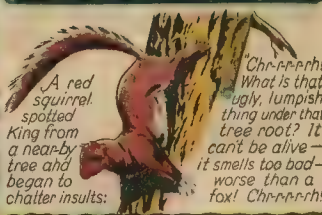


Deep in the woods, King sought shelter under an uprooted tree.

He lay down whimpering softly until later a weasel came and stared at him with cold, beady little eyes.



At last he fell so sound asleep that even the sun's early rays failed to wake him.



A red squirrel spotted King from a nearby tree and began to chatter insults:

"Chr-r-r-rh! What is that ugly, lumpish thing under that tree root? It can't be alive—it smells too bad—worse than a fox! Chr-r-r-rh!"



King had heard squirrels' insults before. He opened one bored, bleary eye.



"Ee-yah-h!" He yawned stretching luxuriously. "If that squirrel would only come down to the ground I'd have some fun with him."

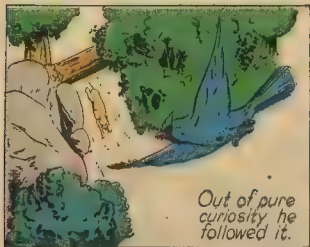
Run for
your
life!"



A moment later King had forgotten the squirrel. He was sniffing at the cold trail of the weasel.



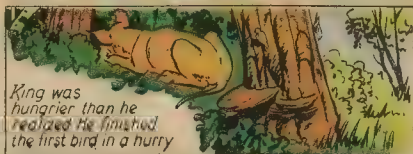
Out of pure curiosity he followed it.



A pair of small, huddled bodies stopped him—with a growl in his throat and his bristles straight up.



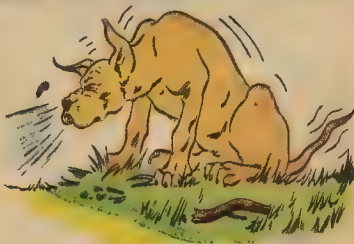
King was hungrier than he realized. He finished the first bird in a hurry.



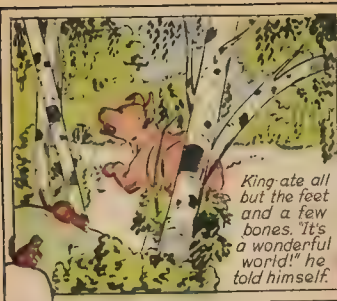
"They smell good enough to eat!" he thought, nosing the two young grouse that the weasel had killed.



He ate so fast that he got a feather up his nose—Rubbing with his paw only made it tickle worse.



A sneeze did the trick.



King ate all but the feet and a few bones. "It's a wonderful world!" he told himself.



"Hold on! What's that? A deer? It's a new one on me—and fresh, too."

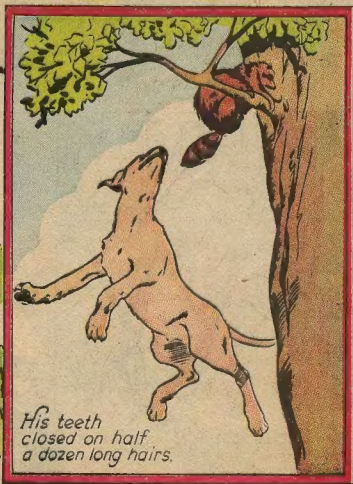
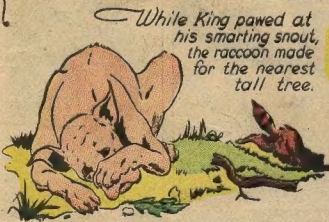
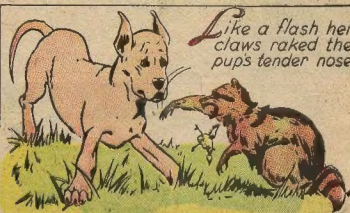
Following the new trail, King came upon a raccoon. She was busy washing a third grouse killed by the bloodthirsty weasel.

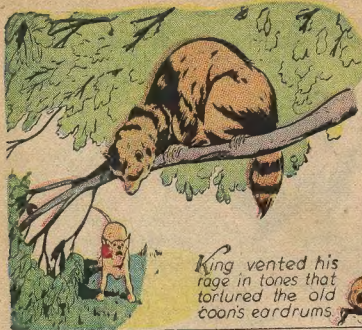


At King's bark, she looked around in angry surprise.



"Hello!" King yelped. "Drop that wet bird and play with me!"



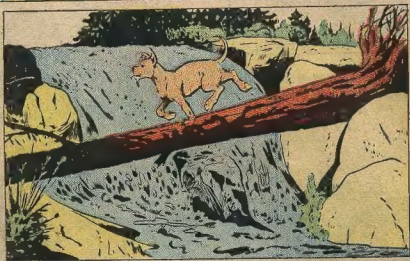


King vented his rage in tones that tortured the old toon's eardrums.



Hoarse but triumphant, he turned back to the water-soaked grouse.

He wasn't hungry, but the dead bird meant more than food—it was a trophy of his first victorious fight.



On a sunwarmed patch of sand, King laid his treasure, and wondered what to do with it.



He decided to bury it and have something on hand for a rainy day.



"I'd like to see any old hoot-owl try to scare me now! I've learned to take care of myself in these woods."



HELP KEEP AMERICA STRONG



These pictures
from the Pete
Smith story
on page 34



